# The COMMONWEAL

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## *The Russian Church Goes into Action*

IT SEEMS queer to be discussing the religious news from the Soviet Union, for we are not quite used yet to the idea of any real religious news with a Moscow dateline—hitherto what we have had have rather been eye-witness accounts of underground religion and official disclaimers of intolerance. And yet recent events cannot but make us feel that THE COMMONWEAL has been remarkably close to scoring a bullseye in its interpretation of Russia's attitude toward Christianity. It is almost a year ago, now, that we pointed to the likelihood that the Soviet State was not only tending to make peace with the Orthodox Church but that it also wanted to restablish, to restore, the traditional Russian Church-State pattern. Suddenly this September a mass of news items confirms this prognostication. We find our old friend Sergius, *locum tenens* of Moscow, elected Patriarch. At once an assembly or council of bishops proceeds to excommunicate "everyone guilty of treason to the common cause of the Church and deserting to the side of fascism as an enemy of the Cross of God." This same council issues a joint message to "Christians all over the world" in which "the Russian Orthodox Church appeals to Christians the world over to unite closely, fraternally, cordially and mightily in the name of Christ for the final victory over the common foe." And finally the council sends a message of blessing to the Soviet government, which begins, "Profoundly moved by the sympathetic attitude of our country's leader, head of the Soviet government, J. V. Stalin, toward the needs of the Russian Orthodox Church and the modest work which we, its humble servants, are doing . . ."

On all of this, it seems to us, two comments are in order. Obviously the Russian Church is once again in favor with the Russian State and is acting very nearly as an arm of that State. This sort of unholy alliance cannot appeal to Catholics, for they know from history to what terrible abuses and injustices it inevitably leads, as likewise it leads to indifferentism and shallow conformism. But however much one may feel inclined to criticize such a manifestation of Christianity. it is unfair and uncharitable to dismiss it utterly as a mere subterfuge, or as something doing the devil's work. For bad as it may be, a Church subservient to the State remains a Christian Church and continues to teach those elements of Christian faith which lie at the heart of everything we hold sacred and continues to be capable even of producing sanctity. It is an evil, but it is a far less evil than an officially atheist state attempting to root out all religion. It will be very easy for Americans to sin against charity as they read the religious news with a Moscow dateline.

## *For Families of Those Who Serve*

TESTIMONY of Army and Navy chiefs before a congressional committee has convinced most Washington observers that fathers must be drafted to fulfill the nation's war commitments. The conscription of 446,000 fathers between now and January 1 is presented as a military necessity which the country has to face. If that is so, what will be done to avoid widespread family hardship and dislocation?

According to the present scale, for instance, a wife and three children of a draftee are allotted for their maintenance $82 a month. If the family lives in Chicago, New York, or most large cities, it is impossible for said family properly to maintain itself on such a sum. To say that the mother should go out and get a job is no answer at all if there are small children. For even in an all-out global war such as this one, American mothers are doing far more for their country—toward building for the future we are fighting for—by devoting themselves to their children at home than by making the deadliest of bombs and shells. The day nursery is no substitute for the home. And even where the children are older and in school most of the day, there are decided limitations to the outside work a mother should take on. Her formative and abiding influence is of greater importance than ever in wartime, when juvenile de-



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linquency reaches such terrifying proportions.

If a certain number of fathers must be drafted and their wives are not to be forced to seek outside employment, there is only one way possible to preserve decent living conditions for the families of draftees. That is, to raise the allotment scale. And this should be done without exception, for setting up of certain requirements for increased allotments would take too much proving on the harassed mother's part. Present funds or income of family and relatives should not have to be taken into account. There is plenty of red tape already.

In recent debates over the father draft, fear was expressed that fathers might not make good soldiers as they would have their family responsibilities on their mind. This was discounted, but certainly not wisely if the families of men in the armed forces are not adequately provided for. Does not a man in the service of his country have every right to expect assurance that his family will get along all right while he is gone?

### *The Case of Sergeant Levy*

ALTON LEVY is now a private. He is serving a sentence of four months' imprisonment at hard labor and he is fined $18 a month out of his pay. Apparently the reason for all this is that Levy was constantly critical of the treatment accorded to Negro soldiers at the Lincoln Air Base, Lincoln, Nebraska. Additional accusations were made against him at the time of his court martial, but they seem to have been largely frivolous, and according to Levy, at least, they did not stand up when the prosecution's witnesses testified.

Private Levy comes from the Bronx, New York. He formerly studied at City College and shows considerable talent at expressing himself; he has even written skits and songs which have had wide popularity at various Army posts. For two years before his induction in 1942 he was an organizer for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, a highly mixed outfit as to the religions, races and national origins of its members. In such a union you learn to get along with all sorts of people, and the ILGWU has always preached the gospel of social democracy. It is natural that Levy should rebel against Jim Crow in the Army and against what is even wore than Jim Crow, the abuse and discrimination heaped upon Negro soldiers.

Naturally also his labor connections are winning for him considerable public notice and protest. There has been demand for a thorough investigation of the whole case, and with this demand no citizen can quarrel. If conditions in any Army post are even half as bad as those described in Levy's letters, which have been made public by the Workers Defense League, it is a disgrace to any nation which pretends it is a democracy.

### *An Intelligent Slant on Manpower*

UNIVERSAL labor conscription of the type called for by the totalitarian Austin-Wadsworth bill is one of those misleading remedies characteristic in a land where patent medicines play so much on the national credulity—and incidentally supply so large a portion of the sponsored radio programs. But it is not actually so simple as to say, "there aren't enough men in certain war plants; therefore draft enough to fill the gaps at the work tables." What about needed skills, the dislocations caused by such drastic measures, neglect of other measures that are even more important for the production called for? Primarily bills of the Austin-Wadsworth type—with their iron control over the destiny of every adult citizen—are such a threat to the freedom of the individual American man and woman that anything less drastic is preferable.

The real causes of our manpower difficulties are made only too clear in Bernard M. Baruch's current report on the West Coast Aircraft Manpower Problem. His main finding is that of organizational inefficiency or lack of teamwork. This means not only between the War Production Board, the War Manpower Commission and other federal agencies including Selective Service, but also among local authorities in each production area. In fact, Mr. Baruch believes that successful local administration is the key to the whole manpower problem. He is emphatic as to the importance of enlisting the most able and experienced citizens to head up the local committee comprising representatives of all the government agencies involved. Efficient manpower allocation is a highly technical skill.

Mr. Baruch calls for priorities in the hiring of labor, with employers limited to the number assigned them in the local labor pool. And through these new priorities workers themselves would be restricted as to choice of jobs by the production needs of each locality. This would curb the high rate of turnover which has plagued so many important war production plants. At the same time draft deferments would assure continuance of key workmen in critical production.

Parallel to this budgeting of labor and assuring deferment for those with needed skills would go control over production goals for each locality. No goals would be set beyond that feasible in the light of the available labor supply. At the same time the local committee would look to immediate action on such important factors as housing, transportation and the like. After a review of all production in an area, that which was less essential in the war effort would be curtailed. By this time we should have learned much more than we have from British success with similar measures. Universal labor conscription is a poor substitute for the necessary organizational techniques.

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# Market Letter

THERE IS no need to be too technical. There will be no graphs, no statistics. It all comes down to what any good investment service tells its subscribers: there is a time to sit tight, a time to buy, a time to sell. It is just a question of knowing what time it is and the names on the Board. That is all there is to it, there isn't any more. We happen to know the time; it is the eleventh hour, and it is the time to buy. It is the time to buy and get rich. Before the bell rings. It is the time for the messenger boy to make a killing. Honesty is the best policy. A penny saved is a penny earned. Yes, yes. But this is the time for the short cut, the time to step right in on the ground floor, the time for the sure thing.

What sure thing?

Memories.

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Mr. Herbert L. Matthews in a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times,* September 21, describes scenes of destruction in the Salerno region. He adds, felicitously: "There is an unhappy side to this, too, for, if the Germans defend cities like Florence, Siena, Perugia and Assisi, for instance, as they defended Battipaglia and other towns and villages around the beachhead, European civilization will lose some of its greatest treasures." This is a particularly interesting remark because Mr. Matthews is referring to destruction caused immediately, legitimately and inevitably by troops in combat. He is telling what happens on the battlefield. There can be no argument. If the Germans defend Italian cities against our advance the Italian cities will be destroyed.

In the same issue of the *Times* this is how the UP describes the surviving civilian population of Altavilla: "More than fifty of the inhabitants agreed that at least one hundred of their fellow-townsmen had died of wounds. Some died from hunger because they did not dare to venture out for food but remained in their cellars. . . . The water shortage was most acute. These pallid, shaken people . . . bewildered and shell shocked . . . could be seen trembling and gibbering in the streets as American Red Cross workers started looking after them."

So the treasures of "European civilization" will be gone and all over Italy, all over Europe there will be people, more or less like the inhabitants of Altavilla, standing among the ruins, and it is to the honor of our country that there will be American Red Cross workers standing by them. No matter what some politicians say, no matter what new isolation there may be, no matter how we may fail to build a new world, it is to the honor of our country that surely the food ships will sail, surely the volunteer workers will be at hand, surely everywhere among the ruins Americans will be doing what they can to comfort the desperate, attend the abandoned. It is to the honor of our country that there will be no discussion at all, that there will be no uncertainty, no indecision: as our troops advance, everywhere, there will be Americans following them to nurse also the civilian wounded, feed the starving, without asking them about their politics, without questioning them, without red tape.

But nothing can cancel the destruction. The wave of destruction advances, the wave of charity follows. But nothing can put together the shattered stones.

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We do not want to be rhetorical about it. There does not seem to be any way to save very much of all that stands in Europe reminding men of the past. We recently proposed, as well as we could, a plan to limit the destruction brought to cities by air bombardment. We thought that our constantly increasing superiority in air power might be accompanied by a sort of proud refusal to use that air power against civilian populations. We thought bombardment could be limited to strictly military objectives and that even legitimate military objectives could be spared when to bomb them meant a disproportionate destruction of non-military areas. We defined our proposals in THE COMMONWEAL for September 10. They were greeted with silence. There was simply the statement that seventy-seven percent of the city of Hamburg existed no longer. There was simply the announcement that we have bombed Venice. There was simply a still greater precision brought to the announcement that we intended to count more and more upon the destruction of cities to bring about the enemy's submission.

And now that finally we are in contact with the German forces on European soil, now that this contact can never be broken until the end of the war, we enter into a phase of the war in which the destruction brought to villages and cities is the inevitable, indisputable accompaniment of our gallant advance. There is this legitimate destruction added to the destruction which we did not consider entirely inevitable and which we hoped might be limited. There is this combined destruction, the legitimate, the illegitimate, and to the destruction accomplished by our forces is joined the destruction accomplished by the enemy.

So that it would be a good thing to buy up all the old postcards that must be in trunks in the attics, all the water colors that the old English ladies used to paint traveling over the continent, all the old guide books in the second hand bookstores. Of the things they portray, nothing will remain.

C. G. PAULDING.

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# Relocation Camps

By HAROLD J. FELSECKER

"I HATE Japanese!" It is quite interesting to question those who are thus so certain about their feelings. They point to the attack on Pearl Harbor—and they do not hate American-born Germans because of Hitler's invasion of the low countries. They speak of their color—and forget that the Chinese are of the same color! They speak about the impossibility of our assimilating Japanese—and close their ears and eyes to the American Negroes. They clamor about their living in groups in one section of the country or city—and forget that other nationals have their Polish, Irish, Negro and Jewish settlements. The truth of the matter is that many of these people never met a Japanese; they feed the flames of their prejudice by applying to everybody of Japanese blood the savagery of the battlefields.

Just what kind of people are these Japanese? Let it be stated once and for all that the percentage of the Japanese in the United States who are disloyal is extremely small; and those whose disloyalty is suspect are in concentration camps. The chances of a Japanese committing sabotage are few and far between; his color, build, face, and mannerisms would betray him, long before he might do any harm. The same could not be said of potential spies from European nations. And yet, the Japanese were all given a few days' notice to evacuate their homes and take up residence in government prepared "relocation centers" where entrance and exit were governed by strict rules! The boundaries were drawn with barbed wire—illumined by powerful searchlights at night and guarded twenty-four hours a day by other American citizens in military uniform! We can glibly proclaim to a war-harassed world that we are fighting for the Four Freedoms but does not our treatment of some ninety thousands of our own citizens of Japanese descent belie our words?

The "military necessity" which brought about this wholesale removal of persons of Japanese descent from the West Coast can neither be proved nor denied for it involved a potential invasion from the Orient. But one month after Pearl Harbor these people were living and working as before, and little or nothing was heard about moving them. Then a voice was raised in Southern California which gained in volume as it made its way northward. Here was an opportunity for those who had long agitated against these industrious farmers of Japanese descent. War hysteria, politics, and past grievances gave impetus to the idea of ridding California of all Japanese.

Prohibited and restricted zones were first erected by an order of Attorney General Biddle on January 29, 1942. On February 13, the west coast congressional delegation recommended in a letter to the President the evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry from strategic zones. On February 19 (more than two months after Pearl Harbor!) the President, by Executive Order, authorized the Secretary of War to prescribe military areas from which persons might be excluded. The first evacuation movement of Japanese did not take place until March 23 and it was not completed until June 3. Long before—immediately after Pearl Harbor—the FBI had rounded up some four thousand Japanese whom they had reason to suspect. More than one-half of this number were released after hearings before the Enemy Alien Board. Not a single case of sabotage, either before or after Pearl Harbor, against a person of Japanese descent was detected. On the other hand, while the FBI has never issued a statement as to the part played by loyal Japanese in uncovering potential troublemakers, the head of the War Relocation Authority, Mr. Dillon S. Meyer, has declared publicly that "nisei" have given valuable information to the FBI in hundreds of instances.

All considered, it seems that the situation was well in hand before the evacuation orders were issued and that the potential danger was practically over before the evacuation was effected.

"Mama, let's go back to America. There are too many Japanese around" was four-year-old Johnny Sumida's complaint after a few days in the Relocation Center. One hundred thousand persons of Japanese descent, eighty percent of whom are United States citizens, were "relocated" from Pacific coast areas to Relocation Centers away from the coast. This eighty percent was born, reared, and educated in this country. They learned the American way of life, they studied about democracy, they appreciated the fact that they were Americans. Of the remaining twenty percent the majority had been in this country for many years; only the discriminatory law barring Orientals from citizenship prevented their naturalization.

The early Japanese settlers in this country were brought here as common laborers. Their industry and ambition soon raised their economic status so that their children were given all the opportunities of America. At the time of their evacuation from the West Coast several of these early settlers were millionaires who in the Horatio Alger tradition had risen from "rags to riches." It is not possible to say just how much the average Japanese was worth, but on the whole the vast majority were relatively well off. There were many merchants, farmers, mechanics, and professional men. On the whole, it would not be far off the mark to classify economically the majority of Japanese-Americans as of the middle class.

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All of them had to give up their homes and business on short notice to comply with the order to evacuate from the coast. Many of them, fearful of the future, sold their possessions for a pittance; others entrusted them to the care of Caucasian friends. It was a period of hurried decisions, many of them involving great financial losses. Estimates of losses because of forced evacuation run as high as $300,000,000. In Los Angeles County, Japanese operators handled 37 percent of all produce shipped in carload quantities; Japanese wholesalers took care of 75 percent of green vegetables. Some 1,000 Japanese operating retail stores in the Los Angeles area employed 5,000 persons and did 25 million dollars' worth of business per year. In 1941, seven Japanese shipping firms sent 1,487 carloads of vegetables to eastern and mid-western markets; this accounted for 80 percent of the produce shipped out of the Washington State area. They played a vital rôle in the economic life of the West Coast and their evacuation has been felt in more ways than one.

Ruth Matsuo is now finishing her college education in the Middle West after living for close to a year in the Wyoming Relocation Center. Soon after arriving at college she was asked how she felt about leaving her home and friends in Los Angeles. "Since *my* country deemed it essential for military reasons, I am glad to cooperate." Of such is the patriotism of the vast majority of our American-born Japanese. Several thousand Japanese are members of the armed forces of this country; several hundred are teaching the Japanese language to our soldiers and sailors; and countless others are now being resettled in the Middle West to alleviate the manpower shortage in certain fields of labor. Many of them are making a direct contribution to our war effort, notwithstanding the fact that they were "evacuated" from their homes, that their parents are still in Relocation Centers (surrounded by barbed-wire and "guarded" by American soldiers day and night!); and that, because of our propagandistic press, they are subjected to racial prejudice. In spite of all, they face the future with faith in American principles of democracy and fair play. The Denver Kiwanis Club was told by Florence Walne, director of the Japanese Language School (U. S. Navy Intelligence), that ninety percent of the instructors at the school are "nisei" (American-born Japanese) "doing a fine job." Just recently a specially engraved certificate "for outstanding faithfulness and diligence despite conditions of racial unrest" was presented to the instructor. An unrevealed number of "nisei" graduates of the U. S. Army Japanese Language School at Camp Savage, Minnesota, have been sent overseas for intelligence work. A number of Japanese-Americans are working for the Army Map Service, the Federal Communications Commission, while others are teaching Japanese in various universities to Army and Navy personnel. Thousands of others still remain in Relocation Centers, who, though anxious to begin life anew in other parts of this country and thus contribute to the war effort, are prevented from doing so because of the housing problem in our bigger cities.

All the camps are built on the same style. Location is most always some miles from the nearest settlement and on government land which up to date had never been occupied. For the most part the camps are on desert land where every gust of wind lifts the sand and drives it through every crack and crevice into the living quarters. These quarters are tar-papered barracks 120 feet long and 20 feet wide. There are 24 such barracks in each block while the number of blocks varies from 20 upward. In each block are two mess-halls and two wash-rooms. The barracks occupied by the evacuees are divided into six sections, each approximately 20 feet square. The smallest sections house two or three persons, while the largest contain five to seven persons. Families of more than seven persons occupy more than one section. All meals are taken in the mess-hall where the cooking is done by the Japanese themselves. The quality and quantity of the food has been inferior to that enjoyed by the evacuees in their own homes, except in a few cases. The actual cost to the government of three meals per day to each evacuee has been 36.8 cents; this cost has been further cut down because of the use of products grown on the farms cultivated by the evacuees themselves. Approximately one-half of the evacuees are employed daily within the Center. There are farmers, firemen, policemen, nurses, doctors, dentists, stenographers, cooks, janitors, waitresses, teachers, etc. Every worker is required to put in a 44-hour week for which he is compensated from $14 to $19 depending upon his skill and training. In addition to this a small allowance is made each month for clothing. In general the expenses of families with children have exceeded the income so that as a result any money saved in the past is being gradually depleted. Practically every individual of Japanese descent is or will be financially poorer because of the evacuation.

The government established the War Relocation Authority to administer the many and varied functions relative to the evacuation of the Japanese. In the beginning, the newness of this type of work was a real handicap to those entrusted with the carrying out of the program. However, as time went on efficiency increased and the general management of the camps became quite satisfactory. For the past six months there has been a definite effort on the part of the War Relocation Authority to resettle the people from the Relocations Centers to cities and communities away from the West Coast. Thousands of job offers have

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poured into the camps and many persons have left to accept these jobs. The government pays the train fare to the destination of each evacuee and in addition makes a grant of fifty dollars which enables the evacuee to pay for board until the first salary is received. On the whole the Japanese who have accepted these offers have met with favorable reception by their new employers and fellow-workers. Most of those who left are quite young, high school and many college graduates. They work in offices, factories, garages, hotels, restaurants, and not a few have found work in private households. While they have encountered little difficulty in obtaining employment they have had difficulty finding proper living accommodations. The housing shortage has caused many of them to live in hostels, private boarding houses, the Y.M.C.A., and some even in hotels. The fact that no real homes are available has made it practically impossible for parents with families to leave the Centers. There is still a vast reservoir of manpower in the Centers which could be put to good use in our war effort if living accommodations could be found. And unless homes for families become available the resettlement program will never achieve any permanent results.

History will judge and decide the justice of moving so many citizens from their homesteads and placing them in relocation centers. While we are at war, too many factors interfere.

# *Distribution, There's the Rub*

## The problem, some panaceas and a few thoughts on tinkering

***By* Edward Skillin, Jr.**

CURRENT NATIONAL production figures (now 212 percent of the "normal" 1923-5 average) serve as a constant reminder that there is nothing the matter with America's manufacturing plant once it has the go-ahead signal. Our ability to produce astounds the world; it is the surest guarantee of ultimate Allied victory in a war of bombs, planes, tanks and ships. Our factory wheels are turning for an insatiable and ever expanding market now. And we are even considering a totalitarian-type universal labor conscription bill in order to get enough workers to man the whirring lathes and power units.

Despite the new twenty percent withholding tax plus the ten percent war bond plan and higher prices for nearly everything, money is jingling in the American workingman's pocket as never before in history. It is difficult for him to build a new home or buy an old one in any war work area. He cannot spend his new-found plenty for a new car, a new radio, a new refrigerator, or a new washing machine; his food, home fuel, shoes and gasoline are rationed. Many leading advertisers are trying solely to keep their brand names before him, urging war bond purchases and thrift as means of building up future purchasing power. Everything points one way.

Yet all this will change practically overnight when the war is over. A difficult period of demobilization, industrial transformation, transition will set in. Everything possible is to be done to set the stage as soon as can be for the appearance of the hero, repressed consumer demand. War-won cash will then be able to make itself felt and the wheels of industry will start hitting it up again—new jobs and markets for agricultural produce will be plentiful; at least that's the way we hope it will work out. We are hoping that vast streams of production and consumption will run together. There is no reason why it should not start out in that fashion.

If so how long will it keep up? How far off is the day when new cars, radios and all sorts of attractive gadgets will again be gathering dust, as men are laid off by the thousand? That day when idle hands and "surplus goods" and empty purses are once more familiar problems. When breadlines, soup kitchens and corner apple stands once more get the limelight. We can no more count on a continually expanding economy in America's post-war years than we could bank on the nineteenth century heresy of continual human progress. If we could look forward only to a fairly stable level of full-scale production and employment! That is all anyone could ask of our American economy, for whatever post-war boom is built up after Allied victory threatens to collapse more dismally than the false prosperity structure of the 1920's. Are there then any feasible paths to reasonably stable national economic well-being through balancing full production and consumption?

At the moment there are three principal and conflicting answers. Vigorous planning now by individual localities and nationwide big business corporations for full-steam production and em-

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ployment in the post-war period is the recipe of the Committee for Economic Development of the United States Chamber of Commerce and of kindred business associations. It is the answer of the most enlightened American industrial leaders, men who realize that a stable or expanding mass market is the only thing that will keep production lines moving here. It is the solution of men who are planning to widen the market for their goods by passing on to the consumer some of the savings effected by the meteoric wartime scientific advances, the use of plastics, new efficiencies in manufacture, further standardization and the like. In a way they have a highly plausible story.

The figures vary from product to product, but for many commodities the real barrier to widening the market by reducing prices is the exorbitant cost of distribution. According to a highly conservative estimate (and it may be possible even to cut this figure in half) the present manufacturing cost of a standard American low price car is $400. Yet you and I would have to pay over $700 for it. Here's where some of the money goes: commissions for the salesman, the local dealer and the regional distributor; the costly inventory of various models and parts that must be maintained by the local dealer and the regional distributor; local and national advertising; transportation (which would be an expense item under any system). In most cases the real obstacle to materially widening the domestic market under the present capitalistic system—under any "high wage" capitalistic system—is the high cost of distribution. If you should try to cut wages in order to lower production costs, you immediately curtail the mass market you are trying to build up with other foresighted employers.

One answer the American business executive has brought forward in order to market smaller products at lower distribution costs is the chain store system. Not only food chains like A & P, five and tens like Woolworth, ten and twenty-five cent stores like W. T. Grant, but also chain department stores such as Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. That does cut out a few of the middle men and introduces certain standardization and business efficiencies, but this is counterbalanced by increases in main office overhead. In any case independent local storekeepers who have pooled their purchases with other independents have been able to meet chain store prices on more than even terms. And before this war few prices had been reduced far enough to expand the market, for all the proliferation of chain stores of every type the country over. Despite their new social-minded intentions America's most enlightened business leaders have yet to demonstrate that they can make their new world of plenty work; the most frank of them if buttonholed would be forced to admit that the problem of distribution still has them pretty well stumped. Depression has followed hard upon depression although the country has had inventive genius, productive capacity and a vast potential domestic consumer demand all along.

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The second answer goes back a long way, too, but it is today by force of circumstances far nearer to realization. It was most engagingly expressed in Edward Bellamy's nineteenth century "Looking Backward," a fantasy in which every citizen would receive enough tickets good at government warehouses to assure him an adequate quota of every commodity of which he was in need. The formula is "Production for Use" in the Marxist sense that government takes over for the benefit of the nation all the means of production.

A new version of Mr. Bellamy's vision of a government-administered land of plenty crops up in E. H. Carr's generally excellent "Conditions of Peace" (1942), where government takes over by implication the whole direction of that "planned consumption" that is the author's key to keeping the productive machine in full operation. His scheme entails peace-time priorities, price-fixing according to national need and compulsory savings to finance industrial expansion. Government would have the directing hand in the program all along the line.

That this is a drawback escapes far too many of our publicists for democracy. They can write of the helplessness of the individual Russian who must be in the good graces of the party in power even to hold a job, have a food ticket or a place to lay his head. They can wax indignant over the tyrannical power of the nazi state over the equally helpless German *paterfamilias*. They like to excoriate the sinister and enslaving dictation of every form of fascism and authoritarianism. And in the next breath some of these political writers will advocate centralizing production and distribution in the hands of the American State without admitting to themselves or others the danger that such a system would bring about the greatest threat to personal freedom yet suffered by our citizens.

State production and distribution for all is indeed a logical answer to the problem of integrating our mighty productive power with our vast potential of consumption. It is not a practical solution. It is the surest means of enslaving the entire population. For the State in the person of the ruling bureaucracy and party leaders can then dictate at will to the man completely dependent upon it for his very livelihood. We have only to look to nazi Germany, fascist Italy and Soviet Russia for examples of what happens. That supposed short-cut is a remedy worse than the capitalistic plague of unemployment.

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Finally we come to cooperatives, the golden middle way of economic democracy. Here would seem to be the panacea at long last. Planned consumption is again the means for getting producers and consumers together, but this time it is not imposed from Washington, Moscow or Berlin but decided by the consumers themselves acting intelligently in concert.

And whereas capitalism has had its day and the dynamism of Marxism, whatever its present popularity in Europe, is pretty well exploded, cooperation everywhere is pulsating with young life. Where dictators do not interfere the co-ops continually expand in volume and reach out into new fields come war, depressions or cataclysms. On December 21st of this year consumer cooperatives the world over will begin a full year's celebration of the establishment by the unsuspecting weavers of Toad's Lane, Rochdale, England, of the world's first consumer cooperative society—and incidentally the formulating of the seven basic principles which almost automatically assure the success of any cooperative undertaking. Even here in the United States many Americans will be forced to realize for the first time that cooperatives are really on the map. Consumers Cooperation is a realization in economics of the American democratic ideal.

Here are some of the things that American co-ops have been reporting lately. Through their oil refinery at Phillipsburg, Kansas, they are saving their members a cent a gallon on gasoline in transportation costs alone. Success of Indiana and Ohio cooperators in producing a certain brand of fertilizer has cut the retail price of the commodity for everyone throughout those states from $30 to $24 a ton. Co-ops are saving their members from 25 percent to 40 percent in their automobile insurance.

Out in Waukesha, Wisconsin, co-ops have built the fourth largest milking machine manufacturing plant in the world. In their first year operations will virtually pay off the entire cost of the plant and its equipment. Consumer co-ops begin with retailing, then develop wholesalers to supply their retail stores and finally manufacture a wide range of products to supply their wholesalers. The more they step into production, the more they are finding, as with the milking machine factory, that "factories are free"; co-op factories pay for themselves the very first year.

Leaders of the cooperative movement also believe they can show that they have whipped the problem of distribution. To revert to the problem of getting the car to market. A cooperative car in its various models could be on display only at various regional cooperatives, thus drastically cutting inventory overhead. It could be sold as a sideline from already existing general cooperative stores; commissions would be out and advertising negligible, particularly as hundreds of thousands of members would have a natural interest in a Co-op Car. The bulk of distribution costs would be swept away. Indeed lesser savings are being made on the widest variety of cooperative products.

But there is one fatal drawback to consumers' cooperation as the answer to our post-war economic problem. Co-ops, including credit unions, reach perhaps 3,000,000 Americans today; they do about two percent of the country's retail business. It would be impossible for them to reach the point of enlisting a majority of our citizenry for a number of years. Essentially gradualistic and dependent upon the slow process of individual education and local demand, the consumer cooprative movement cannot be decreed overnight from the top or imposed rudely from without. By its very nature and in its present stage it can play only a minor rôle in the solution of the production-employment-distribution problem of the United States of the 1940's.

★

There are, it seems, in this mortal sphere, no social panaceas. We still must gain our bread with the sweat of our brow uncertain as to the future, unhappy about the past. Governments can and will provide some measure of bare security when emergencies arise, but there is no universal forestalling of those emergencies. We must continue to struggle piecemeal with the task of bringing production and consumption into national (not to mention international) harmony.

A pluralistic, halfway answer is all we can make at present to the challenge of insecurity, unemployment, want, in a world of potential plenty. There is no panacea for the social ills of this our earth. A poultice here, a patch there, a splint down there will have to do; we shall have to try to muddle through with the least injustice, penury, suffering that can be managed. In the process we shall have to build up reciprocal trade and try to raise foreign living standards for our mutual advantage.

There is no cure-all but only an odd assortment of rather prosaic specifics. These should not be spurned because of their admitted limitations. And so in struggling toward the distant goal of peace and decent human plenty, appropriate institutions must have their place: labor unions and professional groups; credit unions and cooperatives; private charity, local relief and last-resort government aid; town planning and resettlement and so on far into the night. Above all we must never forget the key rôle played by social institutions developed (from the early monasteries down to Antigonish) to meet the people's need in every age in the long embattled history of Christendom.

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# Brief Report from the Dairy Farmer

By PAUL H. LANDIS

LAST FALL in almost every dairying community sale bills were posted announcing auctions for disposing of dairy herds. When dairymen were asked why, they complained of low OPA ceilings on fluid milk and cream, of labor shortage and high feed and labor costs. The local butcher, because of shortages and market ceilings on prime beef, offered an attractive price for low-grade beef animals. In fact, rather than have his show cases empty, the local butcher paid more for fat dairy cows and heifers than they were worth in order to supply his customers with meat. The dairymen, rather than wait for the slow profit that comes from milk, took an easy profit on fat dairy cows and heifers.

It was at the first of the year that the Farm Security Administration, acting as agent for the Commodity Credit Corporation, initiated a program designed to reduce the slaughter of dairy cattle. Briefly, the plan was to purchase direct from farmers in areas where animals were going to slaughter, dairy cows, heifers and calves and to transfer them to other farms in the same or other areas where there was adequate feed and labor. In the case of milk cows in production, care was taken to secure placement in fluid milk areas. The younger the animal, the greater the care taken to assure that it had a pedigree which would give reasonable assurance of a high level of production when the animal reached maturity. FSA agents were authorized to pay approximately the slaughter value for dairy cattle destined to go out of production. Animals were to be sold at their value as milk producers in the area of placement. In some cases this meant a loss; in some cases a profit. In most cases it was assumed the CCC would have to subsidize the program to the extent of bearing transportation and maintenance costs.

During the first four months of operation approximately 12,000 dairy cows were saved; over 6,000 heifers, and some 3,000 dairy calves. Farmers when given a choice preferred to sell to FSA agents rather than to the butcher, for every farmer prefers to see a good animal live and serve the purpose for which it was raised.

One of the most significant phases of this program has been the salvage of high-grade dairy calves. Take for example Tillamook County, Oregon, an intensive dairy area with high feed costs. Fluid milk used for the production of the famous Tillamook cheese commands a high price. Calves from cows with high production records, in some cases even from registered herds, were being slaughtered at birth and sold to mink farmers at a dollar per carcass. FSA representatives urged farmers to keep the better calves until they were ten days old, at which time they agreed to buy the calves provided they were healthy and met required standards. The average purchase price has been $10. These calves have been shipped to Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington, and Idaho, where feed and labor conditions are such as to assure that they will be raised to maturity and eventually go into dairy production. Calves were crated and shipped by express 300 to 400 miles inland and resold at a price high enough to cover the original cost and transportation. During the spring freshening season 1,250 high-grade dairy calves were saved in Oregon alone. Even then, FSA workers were able to supply only a fraction of the demand for dairy calves in outlying areas. During the next two to ten years these animals will raise the level of dairy production, and consequently the standard of living of the population, in these outlying rural counties.

In other states calf nurseries have been set up, farmers being engaged to handle as many as 100 dairy calves at a time on a per capita daily cost basis. When the calves reach six to eight weeks of age they are shipped to areas where there is sufficient feed and labor to assure their reaching production.

America must soon be prepared to restock Europe and the British Isles with dairy cattle, as a phase of post-war reconstruction. In the light of this fact, the calf program takes on unusual significance. It is reported that the foreign demand may require 1,200,000 bred dairy heifers to be delivered the first year after the war. Aside from this, the salvage of quality dairy heifers and their proper distribution is a program that is tremendously worth while in the interests of our own nation, aside from its implications to war-time agricultural production. Wider distribution of good dairy stock has always been a vital rural problem.

Another phase of this program has dealt with the redistribution of dairy cattle to areas where there are critical milk shortages. In these instances dairy herds in areas where there is a feed crisis because of drought, flood, or other local condition are purchased and shipped to areas where the influx of thousands of people to a war plant or army camp has created critical milk shortages and compelled local dairies to ration milk to customers.

There are several reasons why good dairy cattle are not now going to slaughter: first, they are commanding an unusually high price, a higher price for milk production than for meat. This, of course, is not always true of dry cows and dairy heifers of the heavier breeds. Second, the adoption of the war-unit plan as a basis for deferment of farmers and agricultural workers has created an unusual demand for dairy cattle. Under this plan of the U. S. Department of Agriculture all essential agricultural activities are converted to dairy cow equivalents. For example, 20 acres of wheat equal one cow, or one war unit; one acre of onions equals one cow, or one war unit. Eight dairy cattle or their equivalent provide sufficient ground for deferring an agricultural worker. Smaller farmers have rushed out to buy dairy cattle in order to increase their war units and other farmers who may have enough war units to justify their own deferment have increased their herds so that they may have grounds for requesting deferment for a son or hired man. Third, in most communities where dairy cattle are handled farmers know of the FSA-CCC program and know that they can get as much or a little more for a good dairy animal by selling it to the government as by selling to the butcher. They

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go to the FSA representative in the county rather than the butcher.

The biggest problem still is that of salvaging a sufficient number of high-grade dairy calves. In times of milk and labor shortage raising a calf from birth to eight weeks of age is a difficult and expensive project. The most that can be hoped for is that more will be salvaged because of the effect of this government action on public consciousness than would have been otherwise.

It should not be implied that no dairy cows are going through stockyards; many of them are going through stockyards, and must continue to do so. Under high pressure feeding methods employed in dry-lot dairies, where cows are used as a producing machine, fed on high protein concentrates and given no green feed, they "burn out" in a relatively short time. Disease and other factors also make for a high rate of culling in good dairy herds. At a time when the nation is short on dairy concentrates this culling process must continue. The facts are, however, that culling is much less rigid today than it has been in the past, because of the unusual demand for dairy products and the relatively high price which a dairy cow in production commands.

There may be a milk shortage; milk rationing may become necessary. But not because dairy herds are going prematurely to the butcher's block.

# Communications

## "MAN'S UNKNOWN ANCESTORS"

Notre Dame, Indiana.

TO the Editors: In his recent review of my "Man's Unknown Ancestors," Mr. Kater regrets "that the author did not stop when he had written his effective story of prehistoric man." He believes that "all mention of religion versus science" should have been omitted from the book, and that the author was misinformed and "narrowly Catholic" when he said that Protestantism once sponsored a literal interpretation of the Bible.

I have always assumed it is rather common knowledge that Protestantism is made up of two extreme parties, the older "fundamentalists" with their literal interpretation of Scripture and the more recent "modernists" with their liberal interpretations. Milton reflected the extreme literal treatment of the Bible favored by most Protestants of his day; in the United States we have the Seventh-Day Adventists and certain other "fundamentalist" sects which have found it necessary to prepare special manuals of "Biblical" geology and anthropology to immunize their students against the findings of contemporary science. Many non-Catholics assume that Catholics are "fundamentalists" and that a conflict exists between the Catholic Church and physical science. H. Belloc has called attention to this misconception and attempted to find its origin. After enumerating several factors which seem to be responsible for this false idea he says: "Then there is a very powerful factor—personally I think the most powerful—which proceeds from the misconception that the Catholic Church is a sort of extreme form of what is sometimes called 'fundamentalism,' and that, whereas most Protestants once did and now do not follow a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, *all* Catholics were bound to it and could never remain Catholic if they did not so remain bound." (Introduction to Bertram Windle's "The Catholic Church and Its Reactions with Science.")

It would have been possible, though difficult, to tell the story of prehistoric man without directing attention to *Genesis* and "religion versus science." Most popular books on prehistoric man refer to these two topics in a way which is detrimental to all religion. Since the Catholic position, reflected in the work of such Old World prehistorians as Breuil, Obermaier, de Chardin and Garrod, stands out in sharp contrast to that of the "fundamentalists," I thought it worth while to point out this fact in the final chapter of "Man's Unknown Ancestors."

RAYMOND W. MURRAY, C.S.C.

## "CHINA"

Spokane, Wash.

TO the Editors: Much as I esteem your excellent magazine, I feel obliged to register my reaction toward your recent book report on "China" (September 3, 1943). It shows that the critical vision of your reviewer seems to be out of focus. Any current illustrated book on a country and its people can hardly omit pictures of its leaders and members of its armed forces, no matter how often we have already seen them in print, and however much alike aviators may look in the classroom. And as to the alleged propaganda in this five-dollar book, why, all of us are in the same wagon.

WONG HWA CHUEN.

## "A TREE GROWS"

Arlington, N. J.

TO the Editors: I hereby take exception to the unsigned review of Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" which appeared in your September 17 issue. The reviewer in the *Times* could grow ecstatic over this work; the reviewer in *America* could warmly approve; it remained for your literary genius to knock.

The remark that, "Although the family is a Catholic one, the author has a curious reticence about this, as though having mentioned the fact, she must hurry on as if it did not exist," seems curious in the light of the following excerpt appearing on page 359, near the close of the book. The young girl is kneeling at the Mass for her father, when she says to herself, "It's a beautiful religion and I wish I understood it more. . . . Of course I didn't ask to be born a Catholic no more than I asked to be born an American. But I'm glad it turned out that I'm both these things."

It is true that there is not frequent mention of the Church and church affairs, but one wonders whether the fact might have been that the Church did not make too great an effort to come in close contact with these very poverty-stricken people. Perhaps the Nolans lived in one of those large city parishes such as a very close friend of the writer's was sent to as a curate a few years ago and where there had not been a visitation made to certain families for twenty-five years. It is a commentary on

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something or other that one of the few things that made a lasting impression on the author—and this book is certainly largely autobiographical—was the request by the parish priest for a dollar for the baptismal certificate which would enable the boy in this half-starving family to go to work.

No finer piece of literature has ever appeared in English to record "the short and simple annals of the poor" than this work. The remark that Miss Smith is no stylist is sophomoric. The statement that the book could "stand considerable blue penciling" is pedantically asinine.

LEO BROPHY.

# The Stage & Screen

## *A New Life*

AS EVERYONE suspected, Elmer Rice's play, "A New Life," is concerned with the birth of a baby in this year of war. And the production is so set that the audience enters a New York hospital just in time with the expectant mother, participates in the activities of the delivery room, and spends the remainder of the nine sterilized scenes listening to long and fatuous arguments related to the future of this child (played by a blanket in blue) as an American. It is a little difficult to make any common sense of the proceedings, although little by little it became evident that the author is still concerned with the blindness of the capitalist viewpoint (represented by the baby's naughty grandparents); is considerably upset by the lack of definitely stated peace-aims on the part of the democracies (an objection bitten out in a series of confused speeches by the baby's soldier-father); and at the final curtain, is grimly determined that this particular "New Life" will grow up to *do* something in this big world rather than simply to *be* someone. Yes, it is all just as unrewarding as that, just as cheap, just as worn.

And as a production, the piece is really amazing. It has always seemed to me that Elmer Rice was a playwright rather than a dramatist, a writer with a crafty knowledge of stage possibilities other than the written lines—i.e., action and the scene. And although he has never created a character, he has often created people and a picture: just the mention of the title of his "Street Scene" recalls a complete experience in the theater with nothing lacking, and nothing to be added, no suggestions at all. However, since he has, for a number of years, taken over the direction of his own work as well as the writing of it, I can only think that he is confusing his material with his medium, since everything inside his proscenium arch nowadays is of exactly the same color, the same tone. With little or no play to speak of, nothing is projected, there is no performance at all, and there doesn't seem to be any living relations between the audience and the players. The whole thing approximates a new form of stage presentation—a sort of live movie taking place at the end of a box which you can follow if you lean forward and look and listen as attentively as possible. Perhaps this strain

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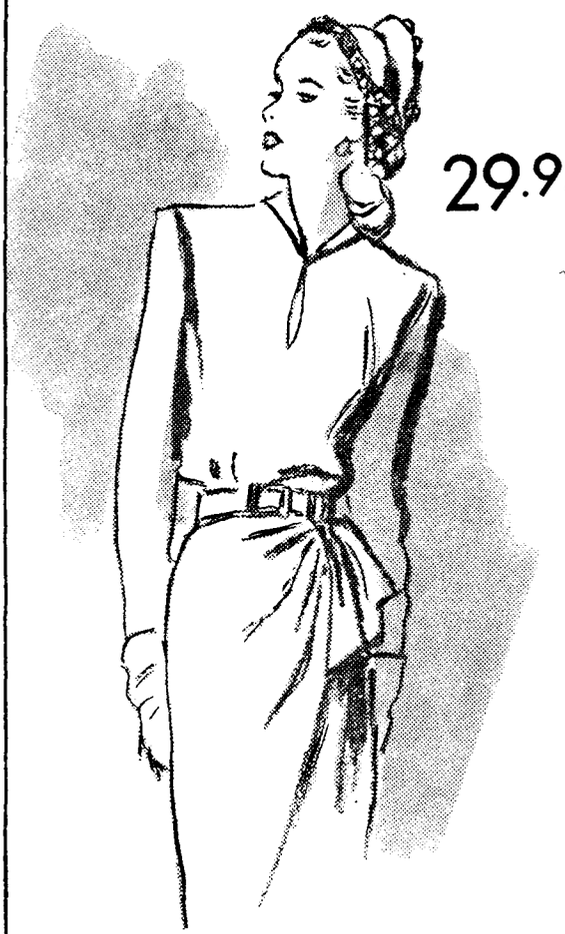

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on the part of the public is really Mr. Rice's main idea as regisseur of the evening. If so, it does seem rather a commonplace to point out to him that no audience in the world should have to work so hard for nothing at all.

Needless to say, it is difficult under the circumstances to comment upon the acting, but I did think that Betty Field suited the pattern perfectly, and all the others seemed well hammered in. *(Produced by the Playwrights' Company at the Royale.)*

### *Porgy and Bess*

IT IS good to announce that Cheryl Crawford's production of the Gershwin-Hayward opera is back, although only for a limited engagement of four weeks. The score, with Smallens conducting again, is still the loveliest to be heard anywhere at present, and Todd Duncan, Edward Matthews, and Alma Hubbard are all on hand contributing to a generous and stirring evening. I missed the simplicity of Anne Brown's "Bess" in the more theatrical playing of Etta Moten, although Miss Moten came through handsomely in the later scenes. And, of course, with the rest of his public, I want again to herald Avon Long's "Sportin' Life" as one of the great virtuoso performances of the day. Also to underline—simply because they are so good and because I like them so much—Ira Gershwin's lyrics. Everyone must have seen "Porgy and Bess" at least once, and I can only urge you to go again. *(At the Forty-Fourth Street Theater.)*

KAPPO PHELAN.

### *1906 and All That*

IT IS GOOD to be able to report a couple of escapist films this week that are civilized, adult cinema. *"Holy Matrimony,"* based on Arnold Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive," has the same delightful wit and grown-up charm that won friends and influenced people in favor of the film version of "Pygmalion." Nunnally Johnson wrote the subtle, smooth script and managed the first-rate production which reeks with the flavor and nostalgia of London at the beginning of this century. The story concerns Priam Farll (Monty Woolley), a very famous but exceedingly shy artist, who resents returning to England to be knighted after 25 years of isolation in the tropics. On his first night in London his devoted valet dies, so Farll poses as the valet and lets people believe that it was the distinguished artist who died. He realizes the gravity of his fraud, however, when the valet is buried in Westminster Abbey. But happiness is in store for this unworldly old gentleman when Alice Challice (Gracie Fields) turns up and accepts him as Farll's valet with whom she has been corresponding regarding matrimony. Their new-found happiness is disturbed in 1906 when the valet's wife and three sons come crying for an explanation. Then in 1907 there arises a more serious complication when Alice sells a few of Farll's recent paintings. The court scene (in which a collector is suing a dealer for selling new pictures by a dead artist) is a gem of satire. In fact this whole film has a series of pleasant surprises. Clever lines are projected in an off-hand, natural manner, and newspaper headlines are used expertly to advance the story and heighten the humor. Director John Stahl never forces his cast; their performances from the stars down to the minor players are superb. Mr. Woolley and Miss Fields remain in character throughout and are given excellent support by Una O'Connor, Laird Cregar, Alan Mowbray and the entire cast. "Holy Matrimony" was made for those who like a warm, gentle, almost quiet comedy shot with brilliant flashes of irony.

*"Johnny Come Lately"* goes back to 1906 for its period too, but its locale is American, probably a town in the middle west. Except for the last third which falls back on worn-out formulae, this film is also an example of cinema-come-of-age. It is the first production from the newly-formed company headed by William and James Cagney, and, as a starter, gives promise of good things to come. Its title refers to the vagabond hero who is befriended by elderly Vinnie McLeod and who goes to work on the good woman's newspaper to aid her campaign against the town's crooked political boss. John Van Druten wrote his screenplay from Louis Bromfield's story, "McLeod's Folly," and he stressed ideas and character more than plot. Director William K. Howard, continuing in the same vein, is responsible for some fine performances; what his films lacks in cinematic movement it makes up for in mood and characterization. Without even hinting at his former tough and smart-alecky rôles, James Cagney plays the likable, carefree, poetic tramp with warmth. Hattie McDaniel is in good humor as the indignant, protective Negress who watches over generous Vinnie and feeds Vinnie's collection of bums. Marjorie Main somewhat overplays the part of Gashouse Mary but this touch of bawdiness contrasts well with the picture's sentimental leanings. As the villain of the piece, Ed McNamara portrays with conviction a thoroughly unscrupulous big-shot politician whose one redeeming feature is his love for his son. But if any one performance won me to this film, it is that of Grace George. Her very presence, her diction, charm, walk, quizzical expression and head in the clouds make Vinnie McLeod one of my favorite movie characters. Definitely over 50, Vinnie has the verve of a young girl plus the gentility of a cultured woman. On the side of the underdog, Vinnie is a lady whether she is carrying her best silver candlesticks to the pawnshop or courageously standing up against the bullying town boss. When she comes upon an unshaven bum chuckling over "Pickwick Papers," she cannot resist telling him that she met Charles Dickens in 1867. Perhaps I'm confusing Grace George and Vinnie McLeod. Anyway, in "Johnny Come Lately" she is a phantom of delight.

*"A Lady Takes a Chance"* is set in the good old days too—but in good old days that are just around the corner: 1938. No doubt Jo Swerling, who thought up the original story from which Robert Ardrey wrote this witty little screenplay, and Frank Ross, who gave it a good production, turned to 1938 because they wanted a modern picture and felt that was the latest year in which one could be legitimately escapist and not be slightly ashamed of it. This picture is very escapist. It's about a cute white-collar girl who takes a 14-day, all-expense bus tour to the

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west. Jean Arthur plays this girl with just the right amount of anxiety to have a good time. She kisses her three city beaux goodbye and settles down to getting all she can out of her vacation. Her bus companions are not too lively. So when a cowboy (John Wayne) lands right on top of her at a rodeo, she makes the most of the opportunity. The rest of the film consists mainly of a bright, satirical lecture, with illustrations, of course, on how to get your man. It includes extra-curricular asides on being demure, how to behave on that unpremeditated roll in the haystack, how a girl should spend a night on the desert with two men and a horse, and how to cook a meal of lamb chops for a rancher who eats nothing but beef. The rôle was made to order for Jean Arthur's coy style and protesting voice. John Wayne is thoroughly at home as the westerner who planned to be a bachelor. In the supporting cast, Phil Silvers is amusing as the babbitty, cliché tongued tour conductor and Charles Winninger lends a note of elderly stability as Wayne's buddy who warns the girl that she is barking up the wrong cowboy. William Seiter directed this film for the fun that's in it. The fun might have been greater if the whole thing had been edited more carefully. At times the pace lags and the humor wears thin. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# Editors' Choice

FOOD AND FARMING IN POST-WAR EUROPE. *P. Lamartine Yates and D. Warriner. Oxford.* $1.75.

SWORD OF BONE. *Anthony Rhodes. Harcourt.* $2.50.

THE APOSTLE. *Sholem Asch. Putnam.* $3.00.

## Six Men on Five Acres

THERE ARE times when the plight of people gets so bad that it seems to be all up with them regardless. Often due to exterior circumstances as much beyond individual's control as was the big depression whole communities become enmeshed in difficulties from which there appears to be no egress. We have only to think of the sharecroppers and migratory workers in our own country. Do things ever actually get so bad that there is no real way out? That is the question raised by the latest addition to Oxford's excellent little "World Today" series, "Food and Farming in Post-War Europe."

Consider the extreme situation of the peasant in Eastern Europe. Only recently emancipated from serfdom, he is peculiarly unequal to grasping the true character of his own needs or that of his rural community. In many countries whatever political power resides with the masses rests with the urban proletariat. Where peasant revolts against feudal agriculture have succeeded (Hungary is still feudal) they have not been followed up by the necessary constructive social program. In fact political régimes of the fascist stripe have all too often resulted in those countries.

Political ineptitude in eastern Europe is understandable enough, but what is even more serious is the condition of the farms. The extent of over-population and underemployment may be gauged from the frequent occurrence of ratios as high as six adult workers on a 5½ acre farm—and one devoted to raising cereals at that. Another difficulty is the division of certain areas into inaccesible tiny strips (through inheritance and the like) each one cultivated by a different peasant. The war has gravely aggravated the deepening poverty of the Eastern European peasant. Much of the livestock which would make subsistence possible has been confiscated by the Axis or has had to be destroyed for lack of fodder. That portion of Nazi Europe has proved to be subsistent only in grains, and under conditions just described this type of cultivation is not self-supporting, particularly as its exchange value for manufactured goods is roughly but one third of what it was in 1914. Conditions are rapidly growing worse for the peasantry, who before the war were already suffering so chronically from malnutrition that nearly every family included a cripple of some sort.

A more desperate situation is difficult to imagine, yet the authors show that there are feasible ways out once the war is over. Farming must be intensified and capital built up by shifting to livestock raising; more work on the land can also be provided through irrigation and draining swamps. The market for these commodities would be made up by the peasants themselves, who could afford more healthful diets, and those employed in the new plants made possible by that area's readily available hydro-electric power resources. It would be practical for each of these countries to produce its own shoes, textiles, chemicals, dye stuffs, lumber, paper, plastics. A number of them also have undeveloped mineral resources. How unjust to say that Mr. Wallace and other proponents of America's having a hand in establishing freedom from want in the world are advocating the setting up of an international WPA. The scoffers got their letters mixed. A self-liquidating Danubian TVA is a true example of the type of international reconstruction the Vice President has in mind.

There are, of course, a number of other measures that must be included in the rehabilitation program. Something like our food stamp plan would be an important factor in the period of transition. The strip system will have to be broken up—arbitrarily if necessary. Cooperative purchasing, processing and marketing must be much more highly developed. Mechanization will not help much in eastern Europe, although some of the smaller mechanical implements will help. Much can be done in the way of improved transportation.

Large scale plans would be delegated by central governments to the local bodies responsible for carrying them out.

Does all this sound too formidable? Can Europe's

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peasantry actually rebuild their means of livelihood after this war? Denmark has shown the way. Under the religious inspiration of Bishop Grundtvig in the mid-nineteenth century and the educational stimulus of his Folk High Schools for young adults, the people of Denmark have achieved the most widely distributed modest prosperity of any country in Europe. They actually have come to believe in "community before self" an idea which indicates what is perhaps the greatest single obstacle to social reconstruction. And where can a durable motivation for such social pioneering be found outside religion? We can stamp out such widespread poverty if we will. For as this extremely able and challenging volume concludes, "Ours is the first generation which has felt fully conscious of the vast potentialities of power over nature and natural resources, over social and economic environment, which man now possesses."

## In True Perspective

WHAT a prodigious advantage there is in waiting until some time has passed before recapturing one's memories of action. Here is a young British officer entering France in September, 1939, leaving France via Dunkirk in May, 1940. Between those dates there was a war, a war which was lost; after Dunkirk the British had to take a new decision, the British had to decide whether they would fight a new war. One could say that the war went on, that there had been no surrender, and that was true enough, but the army had been driven out of France and it took a new decision to rebuild an army and send a new army into battle. So that Captain Anthony Rhodes can look back at that period, the period of waiting in France and then the period of advance into Belgium, and the retreat from Belgium, and think of it as if it were a war fought with a "Sword of Bone" and ended.

What is extraordinary in his account is that it reads like a book written, say, in 1920. It reads like a book written after the last war when it was entirely permissible to think of the war as immensely futile. All the good books written by soldiers after the last war were filled with a sense of futility. Not because the war seemed meaningless in its political results, not because bravery was unimportant, but because for the soldier the actual operations of the last war were never entirely clear. The line was stable for so long. The soldier went up to the line, came back for a rest period, returned to the advanced zone. The books about the last war were about trench warfare. The tedium, the misery of trench warfare, the months that followed the months.

When Rhodes went into France he expected this war to be like the last war. He expected that it would be useless for him to try to know what the generals decided to do, just as it had been useless for a soldier to try to know what the generals were doing in the last war. He found in France the French expecting that this war would be like the last war. He described this war as if he were describing the last war. And for a time it *was* like the last war. Until the entry into Belgium, and then, still, the war was like the last war, like the retreat to the Marne, only this time there was no Marne and the war which was like the last war came to a sudden end and a new war began—the war we witness now.

So that "Sword of Bone" has a very curious and moving tone. Rhodes, just as he would have done in the last war, starts in to describe his companions—they drink, they argue, there are the temporary gentlemen (that sounds like the last war all right), there is a very fancy French interpreter, there is the British surprise at meeting the French point of view—and then there is the confusion in Belgium, and then there is Dunkirk. Rhodes starts out with a war in which detail is what he justly feels is worth recording: he has a batman who was in the other war and it is important to record that the batman takes up his duties in this war as if it were still the other war; the officers go to French cafés and brothels; there is all the time in the world for the war to get going; there is all the time in the world to prepare; there is the Maginot line and Rhodes does not think it was a silly idea, he thinks it was a wonderfully prepared defensive position; there was a war coming which would be a defensive war—and then suddenly the British and the French leave their positions and go into Belgium and then there is Dunkirk.

The description of Dunkirk is about the best we have read. It is a magnificent account. It stands up magnificently because it is now in 1943 that we read it. It stands up because there is time before it—the time of Rhodes's (occasionally vulgar) memories of the uncertain months of waiting which led to it—and time after it—the time that we know and to which it stood as a gateway.

## Talmud for the Acts

IF YOU read "The Apostle," and it is a book to be recommended, if read critically, to those who would like to form more vivid notions of the earliest days of Christianity, you should read the Acts of the Apostles either before or after. Preferably both. You can read the Acts in less than an hour, and only by reading the Acts can you properly appraise Sholem Asch's achievement. This is not to imply that Mr. Asch has used merely this source; far from it. He has combed through the Epistles and Josephus and everything else which remains to us from those days, including traditional material of doubtful historicity. Out of this mass of material, and, much more important, out of years of reflection and meditation and prayer, he has wrought the second volume of his major work, of which the first volume, "The Nazarene," attracted so much attention and achieved so great a popularity two or three years ago.

It is especially important that Catholics should do the supplementary reading suggested above. For Mr. Asch allows his imagination to play upon the events of strictly historic record with such authority and charm that you cannot often tell by internal evidence how much of his writing springs from his imagination and how much is to be found in the record. Of course it would be ideal were you to read the whole of the New Testament in conjunction with this novel, but that is asking a good deal, and the Acts alone will serve to make you realize where Mr. Asch begins and where Scripture leaves off—at least in so far as the main lines are concerned.

What our author has done is to weave a tapestry indeed. Take, for instance, the little episode of the beating of Sosthenes in Corinth. Scripture tells us that after the complaint of the Jews against the Christians before the Roman proconsul, Gallio, had been dismissed, the Christians "laying hold on Sosthenes, the ruler of the synagogue, beat him before the judgment seat. And Gallio cared for none of these things." We infer from one of Paul's Epistles that he was later at peace with Sosthenes. Out of these fragments Mr. Asch constructs a moving and brilliant chapter in which we are made fully to share

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Saint Paul's regret at the violence which has disturbed relations between his followers and those Jews who refuse the Messiah, and we are given an explanation of how proper feelings of charity between the congregations were maintained, through the humility and goodness of both protagonists. Admittedly the story is an invention, but it is a good invention, and even though things did not happen that way, the invented story symbolizes a deep reality.

The essence of the story of the first generations of Christians lies in the Jewish refusal of the Messiah and all its implications. We little realize how complicated a matter this was. Mr. Asch makes vivid its complexity and its meaning. For suppose that the early apostles had uniformly insisted upon Christians observing the Old Law when they accepted Christ. Under such conditions it would have been far simpler for pious Jews to become followers of the Messiah and far more difficult for Gentiles to cleave to Him. Perhaps the whole course of Western history might have been changed by this one point in doctrine.

The picture Mr. Asch paints, then, is essentially a picture of honest struggle and tremendous spiritual achievement. The struggle was at least four-cornered. There were the pagans—the Gentiles, Greeks—and there were those who remained totally loyal to the Temple, rejecting Christ altogether, and there were the Christians whose Jewish piety was shocked by Saint Paul's notions on the New and the Old Laws, and there were those whom we should now describe as "orthodox," those who supported the attitude which Saint Paul so hotly championed and which Saint Peter, in our belief, firmly preached. For the sake of dramatic effect, Mr. Asch perhaps exaggerates a little the tensions between the Jerusalem Christians, the actual Disciples, and Paul's followers. One detects in him also a shying away from the miraculous, and he by implication attributes blood brothers to Christ—a position which Catholic theologians repudiate. Nor is he at all clear in his attitude toward Christ's divinity; if he were convinced of it, of course, he himself would be a Christian. But despite these things (and other details for scholars to dig out), one must heartily commend "The Apostle." It is reverent and deeply felt, and it casts light on a heritage we are all too likely to take for granted. But remember that it is fiction, not doctrine.

# More Books of the Week

*Memoirs of a Superfluous Man. Albert J. Nock. Harper. $3.00.*

HERE IS a book that is worth the time of anyone to read who is interested in the study of his fellowmen and their thinking in this extraordinary time of wholesale transition from an age that is finished to an age about to be born. It is brilliantly written, is full of sharp insights and epigrammatic phrases in criticism of this, that and the other aberration of thinking and behavior by us poor humans, and is redolent of a wide culture, the product of extensive travels among books and men in many languages and lands. There are any number of quotable phrases and passages and the very chapter headings are in themselves revelatory of a highly selective yet catholic instinct. In short, to clear the reviewer's road to the comment that he wants to make, let it be said simply that it deserves a place as a significant "exhibit" in the "evidence" concerning the time in which we live.

The late Peter Wust in that singularly subtle study of the *Insecuritas humana* as contrasted with the *Securitas* of the instinct-fortified animal (*Ungewissheit und Wagnis*) adopts Karl Jasper's triple classification of men: the "vegetarian" type which troubles itself not at all with the great problems of life; the "resistant" type, which questions everything, meets all dogmas with denial and can only with difficulty be "shown"; and the "acquiescent" type slow to question, quick to accept and little given to denials. The resistant mind is "tough" at all times and instinctively answers "No" to any proposition presented for its immediate acceptance. At the very opening of his story of himself, Mr. Nock proclaims himself definitely as "tough-minded" and lays it to his French Huguenot ancestry. His maxim was "Learn to say No" for as he says (p. 5), "every French child is born knowing how to say No."

Now, Wust points out that the tough-minded man in the struggles of everyday existence is apt to show the quality of "heroism" all the way up to the borders of the metaphysical. There he encounters the greatest *insecuritas* of all, the most tremendous decisions he has to make as to the very first principles of thinking itself, the supreme *wagnis*. The extremes that thus face him are bitter scepticism on the one hand, and rest in complete metaphysical certitude on the other hand. There are men (this reviewer knows one) who will not accept even the fact that things *are*, who reject the principle of contradiction as a first principle of thought, and when pressed, will deny the universality of two and two making four. Mr. Nock tells us that in his earliest years when confronted with the "nature" of man and original sin, he asked himself "How do they know?" What long puzzled him was the strange behavior of *Homo Sapiens* (much as as it puzzled Henry Adams), why he did not behave as a human being. Finally he found the "answer." Having always up to that time believed (with Jefferson) that all men are "indefinitely improvable" he met with Ralph Adams Cram's essay: "Why we do not believe like human beings," and drew from it the amazing conclusion that Cram's answer to that question was that most of us *are not* "human beings" or as Mr. Nock puts it, not *psychically-human!*

Consequently such human beings are governed by iron law and their behavior is "inevitable." He even states the "law" as given him by a friend, Mr. Epstean. It is: *"Man tends always to satisfy his needs and devises with the least possible exertion."* To "Epstean's law" Mr. Nock adds "Gresham's Law" (bad money driving out good money), and the "law of diminishing returns," and says of them that they "operate as inexorably in the realm of culture, of politics, of social organization—religious and secular—as they do in the realm of economics!" Professor Thorndike has told us that man's behavior is as "inevitable as that of hydrogen." This reviewer can see not much essential difference between these two "inevitabilities," but that may pass.

This reviewer deems it none of his present business to discuss, much less to criticize Mr. Nock's "philosophy" as such, and he will not do so. What puzzles him immensely, however, is how Mr. Nock ever got from Mr. Cram any such notion as that the mass of men are not in fact "human beings," and as such are by nature subject to laws as completely all-inclusive as the instincts of the animal—for that is what being "non-psychically" human means. (Where, ever, and when ever did Mr. Cram say

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any such thing?) And another thing that puzzles him is how a man "tough-minded" enough to spot, as Mr. Nock has done, the fallacies of "scientism," the defects in "education" and many other "weaknesses" in human behavior (to say nothing of throwing out of the window all forms of "organized" religion) should be so "acquiescent" as to swallow at one gulp the theory which he believed he got from Mr. Cram However, let that also pass; it's an interesting book anyhow!

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

*Balkan Firebrand. Kosta Todorov. Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.* $3.50.

ONE DAY, a robust fine-looking man of middle age, with large brilliant eyes, opened a small bakery store on West 72nd Street, where you would find delicious strudels, punch tarts and halva of a quality hitherto unknown to New Yorkers. Soon he proceeded to put tables and chairs in his shop and hung a menu, written in Russian and English, in his window, offering patties and light luncheons. A beautiful girl served the guests. The shop was always overcrowded with romantic-looking Russians and Balkan people, sitting for hours over a glass of tea and one small piece of pastry. When I talked with the man and the girl, I found out that they were not Russians but Bulgarians. Business continued to be lively, but most of the guests, poor refugees, were eating on credit. One day, instead of the genial Bulgarian, there stood a commonplace little businessman from Prague, who had taken over the shop. The Bulgarian apparently had gone broke; he already had shaken New York's dust from his feet.

The man who had failed as a pastry-baker was Kosta Todorov, one time Komitaji in Macedonia, a Social-Revolutionary terrorist in Russia, a French soldier in the First World War, a leader of the Bulgarian Peasant Party, a Bulgarian minister—who is now the head of the Free Bulgarian Committee, preparing a Bulgarian revolution in favor of the Allies. This very Balkanesque character has written his autobiography which without any doubt presents a more thrilling story than most fiction. It is certainly not written with the critical prudence of a historian and I am hesitant to believe all the gossip Todorov tells of Balkan statesmen and other personalities or to believe that he has been as clever in every situation as one is led to think by his book. His very rodomontades, however, and the gossipy atmosphere of small political Balkan coffee-houses are very inducive to transmitting some Balkan aroma to the Western reader.

Todorov's youth was overshadowed by the memories of his grandfather, a hero of the wars of liberation against the Turks, of whom that man with the huge white beard had killed more than a hundred with his own hands. Kosta Todorov was sent to a military academy but was dismissed for throwing an inkwell at a teacher's head. So, with sixteen others, he decided to join the guerrillas to fight the Turks in Macedonia. Charged with many murders and with a price on his head plus a death sentence from the Turkish military court in Salonika, he returned to his respectable family in Sofia, who sent him off to Odessa for further education. There the young Bulgarian joined a terrorist brigade, was condemned to death; his sentence was commuted to a prison term because of his youth. When after seven and a half years of imprisonment he returned to his family, he promptly got into new troubles for his attacks and caricatures on the Bulgarian King.

A man with such an adventurous youth was eminently suited to be an opposition leader. After the First World War he joined the Peasant Party of Alexander Stambuliski, which was renowned for its Leftist tendency. With Stambuliski he was in the government and with this leader's death he returned to the opposition. Because of his violent activities against the conservative régime and the Italian influence, he was forced to leave his fatherland. This brought him to Belgrade, where for a short time he had stayed as Bulgarian envoy to Yugoslavia. Here he propagandized the idea of a Greater Yugoslavia, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, including the Bulgarians. After the murder of King Alexander, Yugoslavia also became too hot for him. After many adventurous Odysseys he came to Canada where he is now living, if he is not already on his way back to Bulgaria to join the underground movement.

Todorov is certainly a most colorful representative of a Balkan fighter for freedom. But it is another question whether after this war, such men should be permitted to cooperate in the European reconstruction for which people of a stricter ethical background should prove more desirable.

MAX FISCHER.

*The Liberal Mind of John Morley. Warren Staebler. Princeton.* $3.50.

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY, who grew up in a Lancashire mill town, and died a peer of the realm, was a rationalist and one of the best types of old-fashioned British Liberal. "Rationalism" itself, as Morley used the term, and as it is used in Mr. Staebler's clear-headed and informative study, "means the belief that life is understandable essentially through the operation of human intelligence, apart from any supernatural revelation." Thus many of the old rationalists, in this Morleyian sense, had merely completed the first section of Christian philosophy, what the Church calls "Natural Theology", and there they stopped. Morley was educated in "the narrow, unhistoric and rancorous" atmosphere of Low Church, Evangelical Anglicanism which turns its back, shuddering, on Rome, and holds out its arms to Protestant non-conformity, and, very often, to Free Thought. Ultimately, the young Morley chose the latter, and is still well remembered as a lucid and usually fair-minded exponent of what used to be called secularism—an extreme dissent from the supernatural view of life and the orthodox Christian tradition of things.

Classicism (that is the wisdom of the pagan world), Darwinism (the religion of the nineteenth century) and Utilitarianism (its economic philosophy) were the shaping influences of his mind; and if all that seems very musty and old-fashioned to us in the present year of Grace, we must remember that there have been far more ignoble attitudes towards Auguste Comte, life, since 1919, than the religion of either Voltaire, or Professor Huxley. Such men are, often, the saints of secularism. The latter, of course, has certain ludicrous limitations, as when Morley praised George Eliot's novels because "they allowed no flapping of the wings of the transcendental angel." When Mr. Staebler cites this, and several other passages from Morley and his friends, he has all the air, despite his evident admiration for his subject, of satirizing him, together with the whole rationalist and liberal mantality.

And yet, one cannot help loving and admiring them, those old English liberals, who fought so stoutly on the side of the angels for abolition, Catholic emancipation

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religious tolerance, a new deal for Ireland, and the liberation of Italy from her oppressors. One really cannot blame them, when as a *pisaller,* they exalted the House of Savoy in 1870, for failing to foresee Mussolini and Hitler. That grand old passion for sheer freedom and toleration, exemplified by such men as Morley, has been well stated by Browning in "Why I Am a Liberal":—

*"Who then dares hold—emancipated thus—*
*His fellow shall continue bound? Not I*
*Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss*
*A brother's right to freedom. That is 'why.'"*

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

*Challenge to Freedom. Henry W. Wriston. Harper.* $2.00.

IT IS a strange, new thing surely, when Americans have to be assured and assure themselves, that there is such a person as an American, that he has a great inheritance, that a fundamental part of his inheritance is consciousness of personal freedom, reasoned and felt, so deeply and firmly that the wars we have fought have all been based upon it. We have been conscious of freedom and its meaning. We have fought to maintain it for ourselves and to gain it for others. Even the Mexican war was not wholly a war of conquest. It was initiated by a number of things, but underneath the thing that made it a war and not merely an armed raid upon a neighbor was consciousness of freedom, no matter how warped and twisted it had become through manipulation.

It is equally a strange new thing that such movements as the New Deal should be proclaimed as a New Order, and it is no less a strange new thing that the president of Brown University, Dr. Henry M. Wriston, should be impelled to explain in words of one syllable what the principles and tradition of America's freedom are, and that "the proposals in this book are all *radical;* none of these looks toward any *reactionary* policy whatever." All of that strangeness and newness flows from a number of intelligible causes. One of them, no doubt, is the result of wider spread literacy than ever before, without disciplined thought, which leads to confusion in these words, such as the word "discipline" itself, and the word "radical." The true meaning of radical derives from the Latin word *radix,* which means root. To be radical means only the effort to reach the roots of things, to understand the roots and meanings of phenomena.

When Dr. Wriston says that his proposals are *radical,* he is using the word in its exact meaning. He means that what he says is a restatement of the roots of things, but, because we have become used to a kind of "double-talk" in which words have lost their exact meaning, they often have taken on the opposite significance.

When we say that this sort of double-talk is largely the result of wider-eyed literacy without disciplined thought, we risk assuming that "disciplined" thinking means regimented thinking; thinking under compulsion, which instinctively revolts us, since deep down underneath, we are essentially free people. "Discipline" according to Noah Webster means "the *development of the faculties* by instruction and *exercise*"; "training, whether physical, *mental* or *moral.*" "Literate," according to him, means "instructed in letters; educated; specifically, *able to read and write.*" "Development of the faculties by . . . exercise . . . mental or moral" may not carry along with it anything more than ability to read and write and instruction in letters. It doesn't necessarily connote thought and


# "This lovely book"*

Every so often someone tells me (and about as often I tell someone else) the story of the young priest who preached a sermon on marriage: and of the old lady who said to the other old lady, "I wish I knew as little about it as he does."

It's a nice story, all the nicer for being a pretty general experience. There are profound truths about marriage which can be learnt only by a study of the Church's teaching; but there are certain things about marriage which one can learn only by being married.

How are both lots of knowledge to get into the one head? There is a law of the Church against priests marrying; and though there is no law against laymen studying doctrine, most of us act as if there were. The result is that very few people learn about marriage both ways.

That is why Wingfield Hope's book LIFE TOGETHER is so important. Father Gannon, S.J. (the President of Fordham), having read the manuscript, remarked that it "gave the impression of long experience **on both sides of the altar rail;**" and in his Foreword to the book he suggests that one might "jump to the conclusion that its author was a wise, human old spiritual father who happened to be the mother of a large and interesting family."

*Wise* and *human* are the two adjectives Father Gannon uses and they are exactly right. The argument of the book is that marriage will succeed only if there is wholehearted acceptance of God's pattern. Now married life was meant by God to be happy: God wants man to be happy even here upon earth: "We are nowhere told to await heaven in a state of passive starvation."

Happiness, in marriage or out of it, is not possible unless our relation to God is right. There are certain needs of man that only God can satisfy. If God is forgotten, then husband and wife will seek the satisfaction of these needs in one another: "this desperate turning to one another for what only God can give spells tragedy."

But, on this one condition that all is referred to God, there is vast happiness that husband and wife may find in one another; and a large part of this happiness is meant by God to arise from the physical expression of their love. Upon this theme the book is superb. Sexual life must not be treated "as though it were a purely physical function which should be left to work independently of the spiritual life, except for such snubs and corrections as the aloof spirit may deal out . . . to keep our sex life segregated from our spiritual life is to keep it segregated from God."

It has been noted that G. K. Chesterton wrote some of the greatest love poems in the English language: he wrote them to his wife. Which is perhaps why he is called a master of paradox. But there is no paradox there. It is in marriage that love is glorified. Chesterton says it in his poetry; here it is said almost as magnificently in the plainest prose. —FJS.

* *So Father Gannon, S.J., calls LIFE TOGETHER by Wingfield Hope. Sister Madeleva calls it "a book for mothers to give to their daughters, for fathers to give to their sons, for young married couples to read together, for older couples to re-read." Price* $2.50.

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understanding, though it should; and that is one of the great vices of American common education.

Hence our great quantities of fluent talk, double-talk, without any understanding of fundamentals; lack of education in educated men. Possibly, that is why there is so much discussion of the fading out, after the war, of liberal arts in our colleges, and its replacement by concentration on science. Science courses are bound to carry a certain amount of mental discipline, but generally speaking, our liberal arts courses are not concerned with exercise of the faculties, mental and moral. That result shows from the Supreme Court down; and up from politicians to cabinet officers and presidents. For instance: a cabinet officer in our system is, constitutionally, a secretary charged with executive administrative functions for the president. No cabinet officers, no matter what his title, is a constitutionally responsible minister of state. He is a secretary responsible to the president. It is perfectly within the right of a president to prefer the advice of an assistant secretary in some department. Both secretary and assistant secretary would be within their rights. If disagreement is so strong between them that the department cannot function, one of them must leave, and the decision is the president's; not anyone's else. That is perfectly clear, but there is a lot of current and not overly intelligent double-talk about such matters.

So there is too, about the functions of the Supreme Court, its relation to Congress, and the chief executive. So too, about unions, the Wagner Act, the National Labor Relations Board, the antagonistic relations of employer and employed, war and peace. All these things have developed an extraordinary sourness during these past thirty years, and it does not matter in the least what particular political party has been responsible for that. It does matter enormously what our public and private schools and our universities have been doing. One of the most interesting things that the Navy has been producng under war pressure is the development of some features of the Navy's indoctrination courses. It would be natural to expect a powerfully "militaristic" indoctrination, perhaps even "fascist" and "anti-radical." On the contrary—whoever is responsible for indoctrination is pounding on intelligent citizenship, the duties of citizens, of whom the Navy is composed. The Navy is doing a far better job of that than schools and colleges. Presumably the Army is doing the same thing. Marine groups in the Pacific are clamoring not merely for the excellent officials news releases they get, but for *understanding* of their meaning and their relation to world affairs. And the Marines are seeing to it that they get it. All that is a more heartening product of war than the product of too many schools and colleges in peace. Dr. Wriston has started very simply, something very good, at Brown. It is to be hoped that it will spread everywhere. That would be the salvation of American liberal arts. WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

*Rio Grande to Cape Horn. Carleton Beals. Houghton.* $3.50.

ANOTHER POLITICAL, economic and historical appraisal of the other American Republics. Valuable to students or persons interested in a condensed, general knowledge of those countries. It does not, however, seem to add very much to Mr. Beals's previous book, "Americas to the South," except that it also endeavors to analyze the attitude of the Latin American Republics towards the United States. As in any other book of this nature, which attempts to embrace such a vast number of facts, issue could be taken with many of its statements, as for example, his choice of Jose Rafael Pocaterra as one of Venezuela's foremost literary figures, while Mariano Picon Salas is summarily dismissed; his designation of Dr. Leonardo Guzman of Chile as a world cancer specialist, and many others; but this is not particularly important to the average reader. LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

*Japan Fights for Asia. John Gvette. Harcourt.* $2.50.

JAPAN does *not* fight for Asia. The war did *not* begin at Marco Polo bridge. Nearly all our military diagnosticians stepped off on the wrong foot. Our diplomatic and professional doctors were united only on the wrong diagnosis. Most of our war correspondents lack historical knowledge, but this book is good current reporting.

Seventy years ago, Japanese were so fascinated by western civilization and specifically by America, that there was danger of their scrapping all their own fine culture. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and some Americans, who knew, admired, and loved Japan struggled successfully to preserve it, against young Japan's exuberance. New Japan went missioning to China and the Asiatic continent teaching the gospel of rational westernization. Japan's aristocracy was a warrior caste, a pagan chivalry. Manchu aristocrats despised Japan. Chinese disliked Japanese. Nobody feared them.

Europe's power diplomacy caused Japan to fear "the West". Japan continued to like and trust America. Inept American diplomacy broke that down. Our intrigues in Hawaii opened Japanese eyes through John Foster's published report to President Harrison, in his Senate message.

New Japanese had acquired our technique. They had now to prove military equality against European power diplomacy. Japan chose Spain in the Philippines, *not for conquest,* but for successful war demonstration. Our Spanish-American war cut across that. Japan did not dare, and did not yet hate us, when we replaced Spain. Japan was forced into the Russo-Japanese war, and to their astonishment, won. The Army and the war party took the reins. The war Empire of *Japan,* not *Asia,* began at that moment. We trained Japan to war.

*Primer for America. Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan.* $2.00.

HERE IS A collection of homespun ballads on popular American themes. They illustrate most of the articles of the American credo. Their tempo is suited to the sly wisdom of the crossroads store or the fervent faith of the high school oration on the future of our country. Acceptable, if you like homely, simple verse.

*Lady in Waiting. Rory Gallagher. Daye.* $2.50.

THIS BOOK is a combination of a manual for expectant mothers and something calculated to produce belly laughs. Such a combination is inconceivable in any country except the United States. The publishers seem to think that their offering will shock people on some strange moral ground, thereby indicating that they know nothing of morals. If one is to criticize the book adversely, it must rather be on the obvious ground of bad taste and of wackiness. Of course there are funny things connected with pregnancy just as there are funny things connected with every common human activity and state. But it would take a sure literary genius to make a book out of such matter.

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# The Inner Forum

## Colored Hospitals

THE OPENING of the Holy Family Hospital in Ensley, Alabama, has brought to five the number of Catholic hospitals in the United States exclusively for Negro patients. One of the others is St. Mary's Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri; another is Holy Cross Hospital of Austin, Texas. There are in Alabama besides: Martin de Porres Maternity Hospital in Mobile and Holy Ghost Home for Incurables in Marbury. Then, too, Father Harold Purcell, former editor of the *Sign,* is currently collecting funds for a hospital in Montgomery, Alabama, for which the plans are already drawn. It is to be called St. Jude's Catholic Hospital for Negroes and is to cost $300,000.

It was only five years ago that the Passionist Fathers of the Western Province began a colored mission in Ensley, which is really a part of the city of Birmingham. After establishing a church and a school, they opened a small clinic. In 1941 they invited the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, of Nazareth, Kentucky, to take charge of the new clinic. Their work there and in the homes of the poor they visited convinced the Sisters of the need of the 150,000 Negroes of the Birmingham area of a special hospital of their own.

Holy Family Hospital is a modest establishment of sixteen beds instead of the fifty-bed institution original plans called for. This reduced scope was forced by wartime freezing of building materials. In fact the new structure consists of three one-story framehouses moved from elsewhere and joined together. The new hospital is used as a clinic where 200 patients are able to visit the doctor each month and many others come daily for dressings and various medicines. Four of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth are stationed at the Holy Family Hospital. After the war, the Sisters hope not only to build a larger hospital but to set up an approved school of nursing for colored girls and to offer accredited interneships to colored graduates of class A medical schools.

To quote *St. Augustine's Messenger* of Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, "For the duration the present small Holy Family must serve and *will* serve as best it can the urgent hospitalization needs of the 150,000 Negroes of the Birmingham area.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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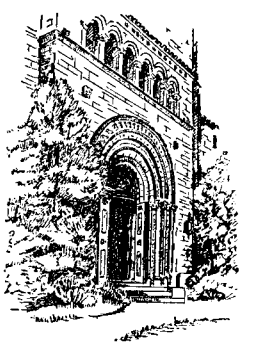

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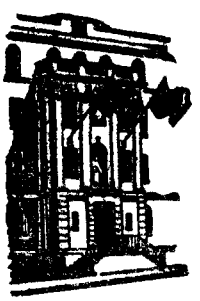

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